Alice 135

By Mollycoddles

“Hon? Are you ready yet? It’s almost time for school!”

Alice’s mother knocked at the bathroom door, but she didn’t wait for an answer before she entered. She stared in shock, mouth hanging open, at the sight before her eyes – but of course, it was her own fault for not giving Alice a chance to prepare for her entry! Not that it would have made much difference. Even if Lilith had given her daughter a hundred years to prepare, there wasn’t much that she could do to hide the reality now plainly visible. Alice stood before her mom in all her corpulent glory, every ounce of her 600 place pounds on full display in her woefully undersized pink boy shorts and the (supposedly) oversized novelty T-shirt which fit as a tight roll across her boobs and upper belly while letting the monstrous swell of her lower belly hang free. Well, it wasn’t actually hanging at all – it was resting on the countertop, since Alice was so fat now that she had to lift her belly and let it plop onto the countertop so that she could get close enough to the sink to wash her hands. It didn’t help that Alice was still bloated from her binge at the BBQ restaurant the previous night, her gut so puffed up with pork spareribs and coleslaw and corn bread that it actually stuck out even further than usual. She was so rotund this morning, her tubby tummy bubbling and rumbling with trapped gas after her night of obscene gorging, that there was probably no way that she would even be able to stretch her stubby little arms out far enough to reach her navel. Her face was still slathered with barbeque sauce, a brown ring of molasses around her lips, her plump jowls and thick double chin having completely consumed her neck until her head looked like a fat gumdrop settling atop her enormously zaftig body. The front of her shirt was equally stained, giving more proof of her gluttony as if the size of her body didn’t already make it plainly obvious.

“Oh, sweetie,” said Alice’s mother, shaking her head. Her daughter turned to face her, and Lilith winced at the sound of her daughter’s warm belly flesh peeling away from the cold porcelain tiles of the counter top.

“It’s… it’s nothing, Mom! I just had a little too much to eat last night…” As if to punctuate the statement, her gargantuan belly gurgled loudly and a sudden belch burst from Alice’s lips, the soft flesh of her chubby cheeks wobbling.

“I can see that,” said Lilith levelly. She wanted to say something, but she held her tongue. For years, Alice’s mother had relentlessly nagged and belittled her daughter over her weight… all in hopes that it would eventually encourage her daughter to reduce. But only recently, after Alice’s appearance on the Nikki Lake Show, the two women had finally come to an understanding. Lilith knew that her complaints did little to help Alice and that she was really just channelling her own fears about weight – She had been chubby herself when she was younger and worked hard to slim herself down – into yelling at Alice. But now they seemed to have a better relationship since she had eased up, and she wasn’t going to let herself fall back into bad habits. Having a connection with her daughter, after all, was more important than any stupid concerns about weight! She peered at her daughter. She couldn’t read the writing on Alice’s shirt, since the cloth was being sucked into the deep fold of flesh beneath her daughter’s boobs, but she could see the image of a cartoon pig across Alice’s chest.

“Hmm? What’s this say? Is this a new shirt?” She pulled at the hem of the shirt to straighten it out and read the lettering. It was a novelty shirt that said ‘I’ll Oink for Food.’ Lilith didn’t know that, across the back, sandwiched between rolls of thick blubbery back fat, were the words ‘Prime Porker’ or she might have marveled at how accurately this shirt described her daughter.

“I got it for free at that new BBQ place in town,” mumbled Alice, grimacing as another burp – quieter this time but no less embarrassing – pushed its way out of her mouth.

“Oh Alice, honey, do you… have to wear this? It’s just so…” Everyone could already tell that Alice was a pig just by looking at her, was there really any need to advertise it? “It’s stained! Don’t you have any clean clothes?”

“Um, it’s actually the only thing that I own that still fits,” muttered Alice.

To say that the shirt fit was a sad exaggeration, since it was far too short to stretch even halfway down to Alice’s deep dark belly button.

Lilith sighed. “Well, let’s at least get you cleaned up.” Lilith ran a washcloth under the tap and dabbed her daughter’s face to mop up the remnants of encrusted sauce. If they couldn’t get Alice clean clothes, they could at least make sure she didn’t go to school with a messy face!

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Okay, now get dressed, honey. You’re going to be late for school.”

“Um… could you help me get dressed, though, Mom? I mean, Tyler usually does, but he’s not here this morning… I don’t need a lot of help, there’s some sweat pants in the closet, if you could just help me get them on…?”

Lilith looked her daughter up and down. Alice was only getting more helpless the fatter she grew, so much so that she could barely bend far enough to pull pants up her thighs.

“Okay, Alice. Let’s get you dressed.”

Her mother walked to the closet and grabbed the sweat pants, pausing only briefly to marvel at how the enormous tent-sized garment seemed to be at least 90% crotch. It had to be big if they were to have any hope of tucking Alice’s giant gut into them!

Alice tried not to think about the fact that the sweat pants were a blinding shade of pink, unfortunately matching the pink of the stained BBQ joint souvenir shirt. Only moments before her mother busted into the room, Alice had been musing on how much she really did look like a pig, right down to the color of her clothes. It was almost as if the universe was trying to tell her what she really was deep down: Nothing but a fat greedy hog! It was almost as if she was becoming more of a pig every day and her recent taste in clothes was only a taste of what was to come…

But, of course, that was ridiculous! A girl couldn’t just, like, turn into a pig! That would be almost as ridiculous as a girl eating so much that she literally exploded – which was another impossibility that had been seriously pressing on Alice’s mind lately!

Alice’s mother frowned suddenly as she held up the pants to get a better look. “Um, Alice, honey, are you sure that you want to wear these pants?” She turned them around to reveal that the word “JUICY” was written across the rear in big bold letters. Alice’s jaw dropped. Oh no! These pants must have belonged to Jen and she just left them behind after one of the girls’ sleepovers. They were exactly Jen’s style. The fat-bottomed brunette bimbo was hugely proud of her ample backside and loved wearing clothes that called attention to it, even as she expanded far beyond any size that a reasonable person could describe as “voluptuous” or “full-figured” or “bootilicious” and advanced into the realm of just plain fat ass.

No wonder it was the only thing in Alice’s closet that still fit her! Her ass had finally grown to the point that it matched the size of Jen’s ass only a few months ago. If that wasn’t a dire warning about Alice’s continuing growth, then nothing would ever be!

Still, it wasn’t like Alice had much choice at this point. She either had to wear these embarrassing sweatpants or she would just have to go to school in her underwear!

“Yeah, um, that’s the only thing I have that I can still fit… I mean, that’s clean!” sputtered Alice.

Her mother nodded, keeping her thoughts to herself for once. “Okay, honey, in that case, let’s get this on you. Could you lift your leg for me please?”

Alice grunted as she raised her left foot off the ground. Almost immediately, she started to tip, pulled forward by the weight of her enormous, bloated belly, so that she had to spin her flabby arms to maintain balance. It wasn’t enough! Alice planted her foot back down on the floor with a loud thud before she completely toppled.

“Go lie on your bed, honey,” said her mother. “That should make this easier.”

Alice nodded and started the slow, thick waddle back out of the bathroom and into her bedroom. Neither woman mentioned the elephant in the room, that Alice was far too fat and far too out of shape to be acceptable. Alice was busy thinking about the fact that it had taken her a good five minutes of heaving and grunting to finally raise her fat ass out of bed this morning and now she was going to lie down again! It almost made it seem like the whole ordeal wasn’t even worth it in the first place!

Alice flopped down onto the bed, springs creaking ominously under her vast bulk, and slowly, ponderously rolled herself over like a seal on an ice floe. Lying on her back, the fat girl could only wheeze and sputter since her lungs were being compressed by her titanic tummy. When Alice slept these days, she generally had to sleep on her side to prevent her own corpulence from smothering her in her sleep. Even now, her face was turning red, her eyes and mouth squished shut as she raised her thick arms above her head.

“Raise your leg, honey,” said her mother.

Alice obliged, lifting her left leg several inches above the bed. Her tree-trunk sized leg quivered with the strain of holding it aloft; any muscles that Alice had once built up as a cheerleader had long since withered away, buried under an ocean of soft lard. Lilith pushed her daughter’s chubby trotter through the pants leg.

“Now the other one.”

Alice dropped her left leg with a sigh and lifted her right one. Lilith pulled the pants leg over her foot as quickly as she could, so that Alice could drop her leg with a palpable sense of relief.

“One last thing, Alice. I need you to raise your butt off the bed.”

This was the hardest part of all! Alice steeled her resolve, tensed all her remaining muscles, and groaned as she stretched her back and shifted her legs and lifted her fat ass slightly above the bed. Lilith yanked the pants up quickly, struggling slightly as the elastic waistband pulled tight around the combined circumference of the blonde blimp’s belly and butt. But it held! The draw string vanished almost completely into the waistband, indicating that the sweats were indeed at their limits.

“All done. Now give me your hands.”

Alice reached out her chubby little hands, trying not to think about her mother’s judgmental eyes seeing her flabby bingo wings dangling like pancake batter from her upper arms. Her mother grabbed her hands and pulled. Between the two of them, it only took about two minutes to finally raise the gargantuan teen into a seated position, where her bloated belly flopped into her lap and rolled past her plump knees. And then another three minutes to get her on her feet. Not that Alice would be on her feet for long.

“Only a couple feet, Alice, let’s get you in your scooter.”

What a change! Only a few months ago, Alice’s mother never would have let this pass without comment. The very idea that Alice needed a mobility scooter to lug her quarter ton body around was absurd and embarrassing! Lilith hated the very idea! How did it ever come to this? She had tried so hard to help Alice reduce and instead her daughter was only growing bigger and bigger… Her instinct was to say some catty remark, but Lilith reminded herself of her promise. There was no point in being mean, it was obvious that didn’t do anything to encourage Alice to lose weight. If anything, it just made the problem worse! So she was going to try to stay positive.

She wrapped her arm around her daughter as best she could to support Alice as she lumbered, already huffing and puffing, over to her scooter and dropped her gargantuan rump into the seat.

“How’s that? Comfortable?”

“Actually, it’s a little tight,” squeaked Alice, her voice cracking slightly. She was embarrassed to admit it, of course, but the fact that her mother was being so nice to her… well, it made it slightly less embarrassing to admit. At least she wasn’t going to get another mean lecture!

“Hold on.” Lilith reached between Alice’s side and the armrests, pulling her daughter’s love handles free and letting them plop over the scooter’s sidebars. Alice sighed with visible relief. “How’s that?”

“That’s much better! Thanks, mom!” beamed Alice.

Lilith nodded. At this rate, soon Alice would need to trade-up for a bigger scooter. If they even made bigger scooters. Lilith realized that she didn’t know a whole lot about that. But she wasn’t going to worry about that now. She had promised herself, after all!

“Let’s get you to school.”

“Oink!” gasped Alice suddenly, her whole body jiggling wildly. “Oh, excuse me!”

“Oh really, Alice, you’re already hungry? You’ll just have to pick up some food on the way, you don’t have time for breakfast now! You’re already going to be late!”

“Huh? What?” Alice blinked dumbly before another “Oink!” wracked her body.

“Oh come on, Alice, be an adult. If you want food, just ask for it like a person! I don’t have time for this silly game!” Lilith was trying her best to be supportive of her rotund daughter, but this ridiculous joke was just going too far!

“What are you talking about, Mom? Oh!” Alice suddenly realized what was going on. The poor girl had been overcome with a sudden case of hiccups – no doubt because she was still rather full from the night before and all their efforts to corral her massive bottom into her sweat pants must have jostled her tight tummy! But for some reason, Alice’s hiccups lately had begun to sound distinctly pig-like. She hated to think that it had something to do with her ever escalating poundage, but the truth was undeniable – her hiccups sounds just like a pig oinking! And since her shirt spelled out that she “oinked for food,” it was only natural that people would think she was doing it on purpose!

“I’m not actually asking for food, Mom! Oink! It’s just hiccups! Oink!”

Lilith raised an eyebrow.

“No, really! I don’t know why they sound like that. It’s not my fault!”

Lilith sighed. “Well, let’s not worry about it then. The important thing is that we’re going to get you to school before they declare you truant.”

\*\*\*

At school, Alice quickly found that she was running into an unanticipated problem! For once, she was glad that she spent most of her school day with her ass firmly planted in her scooter – that meant that most people couldn’t see that the word “JUICY” was emblazoned across her butt! But her shirt was causing enough problems!

Across her chest, Alice’s shirt declared “I Oink for Food!” And unfortunately for Alice, her fellow students were taking that declaration very seriously.

In her study hall, Alice parked her scooter in the library and tried to get some reading done. Unfortunately, her hiccups weren’t letting up and every loud, sharp “Oink!!” drew a stern glare from the librarian.

“Hey, Alice, what’s up?” said a voice from behind her. Alice turned to see Marty, one of the players from the football team.

“Oh, I’m fine. Oink! Oh, excuse me!”

“No need to apologize,” said Marty, smiling as his eyes lingered on the words written across her chest. “I think it’s great when a girl asks for what she wants. Here, I got a little something for you.”

He slid a package of snack cakes across the table toward her. Alice stared down at them, her mind reeling. Oh no! Alice loved food. The simple truth was that she could never turn down a snack and that was exactly what had gotten her into this situation in the first place!

“Oink!” gasped Alice. “Oh no, I’m not asking for food! Oink! It’s just hiccups!”

“Sure, Alice.” Marty winked and turned to leave.

“No, I mean it!” Alice called after him. “It really is just hiccups!” She bit her tongue as the librarian fixed her with a wicked glare and a loud “Shhh!”

Alice stared at the package of snack cakes left on the table. Well, it would be a shame to waste them. And, after all, she had skipped breakfast.

As she tore open the plastic wrapping, Alice heard another voice. “Hey, girl, what’s up? Haven’t seen you in a hot minute!”

It was Kayla, followed by Jody. Alice hadn’t seen her friends since the three of them had together quit Dr. Shaw’s diet support group. From the looks of things, neither girl had skipped any meals. Kayla was plumper than ever, her curves filling out her pastel pink track suit, and Jody looked like a round little dumpling.

“Hi Kayla, hi Jody! Oink!” Alice clapped a chubby hand over her mouth. These darn hiccups would not let up!

Kayla giggled and nudged Jody. “Same old Alice, huh? Don’t worry, girl, we know exactly what you need. And we’re willing to share!”

“No, no, I’m not asking for food!” protested Alice. “I’m only wearing this shirt because it’s the only thing that fits! Oink! And I’m not asking for food, I just have the hiccups! Oink!”

“You’re sure? Cuz we just got some oatmeal cookies from the vending machine and—”

“No, I’m sure! I—wait, oatmeal cookies? And you have extras?”

“Yeah, I thought you’d like that!”

“B-but I’m not asking for… Oink!”

“Oh, I think your tummy knows what it wants,” giggled Kayla.

\*\*\*

All morning, poor Alice was fighting off offers of food – potato chips, snack cakes, cookies, candy bars. Everyone in town was already eager to help fatten their star celebrity, making sure that the famous cheerleader chunkers never lost a single inch of their fabulous girth, but now that Alice seemed to be leaning into her new role as the town piggy everyone was only too happy to oblige! Alice wasn’t aware that there was a website online dedicated to tracking the progress of the cheerleader chunkers as the three girls continued to blow up like three ticks in a blood bank or that the site forums were currently going wild posting surreptitious cellphone photos of Alice in her new shirt. Nearly every other student that Alice ran into today was offering her food and, well, Alice wouldn’t be Alice if she didn’t indulge! But the poor piggy was trapped in a vicious cycle: The more she ate, the worse her hiccups got. And the more she hiccupped, the more people offered her food! And the more people offered her food, the more she ate. By lunch, Alice was rolling into the cafeteria stuffed to the gills, her belly packed tight, her chubby face slathered with cream and chocolate, but Alice was too bloated to even care. All she wanted to do was find a nice quiet corner where she could rest for a few minutes and digest.

“Alice! Like, over here!” Her best friend Jen was waving her over to their usual table. Alice sighed with relief. If there was anyone she could trust to NOT offer her food right now, it was Jen. Sure, Jen had been involved with Laurie in a long term scheme to overfeed Alice and plump her up, but that was all in the past. The two girls had reconciled and were once again the best of friends. It didn’t hurt, of course, that Jen was such a ditz. Alice was certain that the poor airhead never bore her any ill will and had just gotten sucked up in following Laurie’s plan. Laurie was the real mastermind and Alice still hadn’t forgiven her for that.

But the important thing was, Jen was just as much of a glutton as Alice. So Jen would never gift Alice any food when she would rather eat it herself! The bubbly brunette was just as fat as Alice, carrying almost 600 pounds of blubbery cellulite on her tender teenage frame, most of it in her thunder thighs and bubble butt that filled out her inadequate black stretch pants til they were splitting at the seat. Jen was wearing her usual cow-print halter top, making Alice wonder – did Jen realize that it literally made her look like a cow in the same way that Alice’s pink shirt and sweats literally made her look like a pig? Also like Alice, Jen was spilling out of the confines of her own mobility scooter. Pretty soon both girls would have to find another way of getting around! Or, worst case scenario, they would have to actually start walking again!

“Like, hi, Alice! Um, are those my old sweat pants?”

“Yeah, you left them over at my place and… I didn’t have anything else that fit me!”

“Ohhh, okay. Also, like, you got some stuff on your face!”

“Oh? Thanks for the heads up.” Alice grabbed a napkin off the table and wiped her face. She already acted like a pig, she might as well not look like one too! She could see Jen’s brow furrow and her lips move as she struggled to read the words across her chest.

“Um, like, you oink for food? Like, is that a new thing?”

Alice sighed. “No, it’s not! I just got this shirt for free from that new BBQ restaurant and I’ve got the hiccups, so everyone keeps thinking I’m asking for food! Oink!”

“Oh, like that?”

“Yes, exactly! Oink!”

Jen rubbed her own double chin thoughtfully. “Um, like, so you’re saying that you just got a free shirt? Just cuz you ate at this restaurant?”

“Yeah, I guess it’s good advertising for them. Oink!”

“Um, like, that’s not fair! I’m eating at, like, every restaurant in town these days and, like, I didn’t get any free clothes! And, like, I kinda need them more than you, no offense! It’s not easy keeping this peach in pants!” Jen reached behind her and rubbed the blubbery lobes of her titanic tushie for emphasis. Jen’s extreme pear shape had forced her to rely entirely on leggings and sweats for a while now, since any non-stretchy pants that were big enough to accommodate her colossal caboose would inevitably be too loose in the waistband and vice versa! If anyone should be getting free clothes, thought Jen, it should be her. She was going to have to look into this! She wondered which restaurants would be the most likely to have something for her…

“That’s not the point, Jen!” moaned Alice, rubbing what she could reach of her own stuffed gut where it spilled out of the XXXL shirt that no longer seemed too ridiculously huge to fit her at all. “Oink! Everyone keeps giving me food, because they think I’m asking for it! Oink!”

“So? Like, that doesn’t sound so bad to me!”

“Ooof, Jen! Just look at me!” She leaned back in her scooter, the whole vehicle creaking and cracking as she shifted her weight, so that her gargantuan gut looked even bigger. A whole morning of constant eating meant that her middle was tight as a drum, starting to flush red and shiny. It was hard to believe that Alice could ever eat enough to truly be full, but the morning feast on top of the remains of the previous night’s meal were really pushing her to her limits. She vaguely recalled the dream that she’d had, where a doctor warned her that she was entering the “burst zone” – becoming so big that even a single extra bite might be enough to rupture her overstuffed belly. “That’s it. I can’t take any more. Stick a pin in me, I’m done.”

“Like, I’m afraid if I stick a pin in you, you really WILL be done!” said Jen, reaching across the table to stroke her friend’s overly tight, overly stuffed gut for emphasis.

“Urp. I can’t deny it anymore. Not like my fat ass could hide it. I’m way too fat. You better put me on a major diet, Jen, before I explode.”

“Like, you need to stop worrying about that, Alice! You’re so silly! Listen, how about this? We’ll be bursty besties! If one of us ever feels like it’s too much, we’ll go out together! Like, we’ll get together and eat until we both burst at the same time. Get it? Bursty besties? Ha ha ha!”

“That’s not funny, Jen.” But Alice was smiling despite herself.

“Like, it’s not? Then, like, why are you laughing, you whore?” laughed Jen. She was pleased that her little joke seemed to have lifted Alice’s spirits. She really didn’t like it when her best friend was so upset! But Jen’s mind was still elsewhere, consumed with the idea of free clothes. Jen had always been a consummate clothes horse and the one thing that she didn’t like about growing so obscenely fat was that it was super hard to find cute outfits anymore! But now Jen thought she might finally have a solution for that problem. Free clothes just to advertise restaurants! In fact, thought Jen, they should pay her to advertise! They should put her on TV! She had already been on TV once, right? So it obvious that she had star power! They should totally put her in commercials! She was totally a natural!

“Have you seen Laurie lately?” said Alice, interrupting her friend’s thoughts.

“What? Like, not since yesterday. Like, I think she had to stay home and digest! Like, that’s if she didn’t pop!”

“What are you talking about, Jen? Oink!”

“Like, you didn’t hear? OMG, it’s all over school! The cheerleaders… I mean, like, you know, the other cheerleaders… not us Cheerleader Chunkers, I mean like Lizzie, Denise, and Kristine… they got totally mad when they heard what Laurie was planning to do to them! Like, how she wanted to make everyone fat. And especially you! They were so mad about what Laurie did to you! So they got revenge on her, but holding her down and feeding her all the ice cream she could hold!”

“That’s hardly a punishment,” said Alice stiffly. She was still really mad at Laurie herself for everything that the cheer captain had done. “We all know that Laurie loves to eat! If anything, that’s a reward!”

“Like, that’s what I thought to! Cuz, like, Laurie is a total freak for food! Like, she totally gets off on it. I’ve heard how she gets it on with Frank and Abida. Lol, totally kinky! But, like, this was totally too much of a good thing! They pumped her so full that, like, I can’t believe she didn’t just blow right there like a megaton bomb! She probably would have, if Frank and Abida didn’t arrive in time to rescue her! But, like, I don’t think she’s gonna be eating anything for at least a week!”

“Wow… I guess they really must have stuffed her good! Maybe she did get hers, after all.”

“Like, it wasn’t just her! They were totally mad at me for helping Laurie! Like, I guess I deserved it, though.”

“You? But what did they do to you?”

“Like, they spanked me! Hard!” Alice couldn’t help but giggle at the idea, but Jen was serious. “Like, they paddled my butt til it was all red and I couldn’t sit down all night! I don’t see why that’s so funny! Like, Craig seemed to think it was totally funny too! Everyone is laughing at it, but it totally hurt!”

“I’m sorry, Jen, I didn’t mean to laugh. I just hope that the whole incident finally taught Laurie a little lesson.”

Jen shifted in her seat. “Are you, like, still mad at her?”

Alice shrugged. “I don’t know. I don’t want to be mad at her. She was my best friend other than you, Jen. But she really hurt me! I still can’t believe that she betrayed my trust like that. I’m glad that she finally got her just desserts, but… I just don’t know!”

“Ya know, Laurie’s really sorry about what she did. She really does think of you as, like, her best friend… I mean, other than me! But, like, you know how Laurie is. She’s too proud to say anything.”

“Well, she’d better say something if she wants me to ever forgive her!” said Alice hotly. “The ball’s in her court!”

Still, Alice couldn’t stop thinking about Laurie getting her ass stuffed by the other cheerleaders. What a sight that must have been! Maybe, just maybe that would teach Laurie a little lesson in humility…

\*\*\*

Molly Coddles is a longtime writer of weight gain, inflation, stuffing, and expansion erotica who loves big girls and everything about them! If you enjoyed this story, please consider leaving a review on Amazon to tell other readers’ what you thought! You can also find more of my work at the following addresses:

Mollycoddles’ Amazon Store: [http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref=sr\_ntt\_srch\_lnk\_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6](http://www.amazon.com/Molly-Coddles/e/B00NCQSXAI/ref%3Dsr_ntt_srch_lnk_6?qid=1438678183&sr=8-6)

Mollycoddles’ Twitter: <https://twitter.com/mcoddles>

Mollycoddles’ itchio: <https://mollycoddles.itch.io/>

Mollycoddles’ DeviantArt: <http://mcoddles.deviantart.com/>

Mollycoddles’ Patreon: <https://www.patreon.com/mollycoddles>

Thanks for reading! You can also tell me what you thought of my writing (or send me suggestions for future stories) at mcoddles@hotmail.com . I always love hearing what people have to say!

Best wishes,

Molly Coddles